













## The Aluse.

From Dickens's London Daily News.

### "WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

We may not live to see the day,

But earth shall gladden in the ray

Of the good time coming.

Canon balls may aid the truth,

But though a weapon stronger;

We'll win our battle by its aid:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

The pen shall supersede the sword,

And right, not might, shall be the lord,

In the good time coming.

Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,

And be acknowledged stranger;

The proper impulse has been given:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

War in all men's eyes shall be

A monster of iniquity,

In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then,

To prove which is the stronger;

Nor slaughter men for glory's sake:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

Hateful rivalries of creed

Shall not make their martyrs bleed

In the good time coming.

Religion shall be shown of pride,

And flourish all the stronger;

And Charity shall trim her lamp:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

And a poor man's family

Shall not be his misery.

In the good time coming.

Every child shall be a help,

To make his right arm stronger;

The happier he, the more he has:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

Little children shall not toil

Under, or above the soil,

In the good time coming.

But shall play in healthful fields,

Till limbs and mind grow stronger;

And every one shall read and write:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

The people shall be temperate,

And shall love instead of hate,

In the good time coming.

They shall use, and not abuse,

And make all virtue stronger;

The reformation has begun:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming;

Let us all it all we can,

Every woman, every man,

The good time coming.

Smallest help, if rightly given,

Make the impulse stronger:

'Twill be strong enough one day:

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

## The Story Teller.

### THE RIFLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.

"Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

[CONCLUDED.]

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the wide prairies as white and smooth as unwritten paper, and consequently depriving our culminated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his innocence. His confidence, however, in the divine protection, was undiminished, and nightly from the silence of his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer-hearing Father. Nor did those pious orisons ascend unaccompanied through the still vault of night to the Almighty's ear: the aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayers; the parents of his affianced bride knelt often before the throne of heaven for the welfare of their slandered boy, as in their affection they called him, and the blue eyes of Catharine wept supplications, and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto untouched by sorrow, except on the occasion of her sister's death, now continually sent unworded and unutterable appeals to her Creator, for her lover's life. In the meanwhile week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for trial at length arrived.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit court were held, and which, for the sake of a name, we will call Edgerton, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the public square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting-house, when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country; it fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and, like the court-house, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick-house, the only one in the town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as a hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign suspended from a post at the road side, where was conspicuously written in great yellow letters, under a burlesque likeness of General Washington, "Entertainment for man and horse." A little farther up the road, or main street as it was called, though there was but one in the village, on the opposite side was another tavern of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two places of public entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected on the morning when the important trial was to take place, all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the Yankees, whom they pretended to consider, en masse, as rogues and cheats, and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willing to join in the general clamor.

"They're a monstrous filthy people, say the least of them," observed the large fat wife of a farmer, and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. "They want a heap of waitin' on; and you don't get no thanks after all. Now there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know Carlock, on account of his sick daughter, when he first came out here. Good coffee was 'nt good enough for 'em; they must have a little tea

to be sure. So I sent Johnny down to the Settlement to get some; and I took a heap of pains to cook the truck—and, what do you think? they wouldn't eat a bit of it after all. I don't much wonder neither; for 'twas bitter, nasty trash, as ever I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em; they make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside, to prevent the dame from seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that never having used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a large kettle, served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said a farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linsey woolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed. "They tell that old Silversight had a power of money when he was killed. It's kill or cure with these Yankee doctors, anyhow; but that was the queerest plot to give a patient, I've ever heard of; and he took the trouble out of your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself out of the dead man's pocket, hey?"

Such is a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves, until the court, at length, assembled, and, after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied by his anxious and affectionate parent, with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing of much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which, though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and very pale. He came into court, arm in arm with the attorney who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd, and took a seat beside the lawyers within the bar. From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place, until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the sixteenth of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped, perhaps, for a while at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so further down the timber; but, as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of trailing the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. Two young men that had joined them at Buckhorn's returned with the body, they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Doctor Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a track from farther up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the track till they arrived in town. Being informed, by Mr. Drill the gunsmith, that Doctor Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money, which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned, in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, and discovered that it had certainly been discharged, but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandly, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Doctor Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith, "I considered at the time that the Doctor's offer was of mere kindness; and he had previously mentioned he was going out that way to visit his patients."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Mr. Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped, and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Guntry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eighty to the pound, and one of his bullets, with a thick patch, would suit Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

The attorney for the people here asked the witness another question.

"For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the sixteenth of December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men, who had returned with the body of Silversight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder-flask, (which was shown to him, and he identified it,) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides; apparently by a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposited before him, together with the acknowledgment of Doctor Rivington that he had been in company with Mr. Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them.

The prisoner was now put on his defence; and all that talent and ingenuity could devise,

was done by his skillful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined, and re-cross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrible occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr. Blandly discontinued his examination: he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art, but, alas! was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be trailed from the village, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose, when the disastrous snow-storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified, when their victim, murdered by the laws, was slumbering in his grave. He appealed to them as parents, to know if they would believe, that a son, who had been so filial, whose character had previously been without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honor, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it were useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual. The attorney for the prosecution summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder-flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree, engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him, with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder he had torn from his gray-haired victim. "Such," concluded he, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity—but farther than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not—I cannot go."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. We have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in prison, but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected; and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance, which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced, unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy would fall upon him, and, after a severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, "Thy will be done!"

His mother, by the assistance of that never-failing comforter in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to court, on the day that was to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlor of their dwelling, together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with an intense anxiety the issue of the lagging hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time to which we have brought our narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every breeze that shook the casement, seemed laden with the awful sense of the law, against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solicitude, which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affliction.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child, alas, I soon may have no other child but you. But no: the Searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound was that!—I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely snatched, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree. But this, oh my Father," groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitter cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears: be whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace the three that would not renounce his name, yet yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around him."

At this moment, Judy was seen from the window, running rapidly towards the house, and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonized parent, trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"Ah, madam," responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—'tak' comfort, it's no decided yet; the jury has just gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves; and bless their sweet souls, they cried almost as fast as I did myself, when Mr. Blandly spoke to 'em. Ah, he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind o' body mister Charles is. He described him just for all the world as I would, only I couldn't use such elegant words."

"The jury wept—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent, in a faltering voice.

"Wept did they? yes, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying—and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I niver see'd him look so elegant afore. But I jist niver here to tell you how things was going on; I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths; till its jist to spake the word 'innocent.'"

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense. "I will go with you: I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall."

"Ye had better not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant, "for there are hard-hearted people about the place, that b'lieve he's guilty, because he's a Yankee—odsdart their saucy tongues—and they must jeer at ye, because ye're his mother."

"They cannot—at any rate, I will go, forth," said the afflicted woman, "he's my own, true,

pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every other tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent—and should the worst come, it is better to hear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Charles Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court-house of Edgerton. A passage was instantly opened for them, with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated, in the part of the room where they could be most screened from observation, when the jury returned, and handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk arose, and read in a faltering voice, "We find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek rang through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless on the floor. Not so with that Christian mother—with an unwonted strength, she darted through the assembly, until she reached her child: "my boy!" she cried, "my boy! be of good cheer. Your heavenly Father, knows your innocent soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together, for think not I can survive you—we shall lie down together, to awake with the Lord—my boy—my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day;" exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her child.

We shall not attempt to describe the situation of our unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the task. The insensible forms of his mother and beloved Catharine, were conveyed from the scene; and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathizing multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated declaration of his innocence; and he besought the court, that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death, while he survived. It was accordingly fixed, to take place on that day three weeks.

It was near midnight of that important day—the busy through of which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was wading on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from uneasy slumber, by a fancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in bed that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

"Will you wake, Mr. Charles?" was softly uttered in the sweet accents of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. "Was there ever the like," continued she, "and he sleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him."

"Be quiet, Judy," responded a masculine voice, but modulated to its softest tone, "and stand more in the shadow. The doctor 'll wake fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt sawed out; but if ye git that tavern-keeper's dog a-barking, there's no telling, but it may wake the jailer instead of the doctor."

"And you're right, Jimmy dear," responded Judy; "there now, leave go with your fingers, man; you can't pull it off that 'ere way. Here, tak' this bit of a stake for a pry—and now, that's your sort," continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log, to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground. "Now, one more pull, Jimmy, and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open, Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mister Charles, say nothing at all, at all about it, but just take Jimmy's nag, that's down in the hollow, and git clear as well as ye can. There's a steamboat, Jimmy says, at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could git, but it's enough to pay your passage, any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but you forget that by flying, I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt, who are wavering now: besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the laws, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death, then as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends, you mean me well, but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied fame."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost broken, "what's the use of spaking about it. If you stay, you've but a few days to live; and if you tak' your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mister Charles, and all would go well again."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in him who beholds all our actions," returned our hero, "and I must confess that I cannot yet divest myself of the hope, that the truth will be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but I'm certain now. The man that murdered Silversight in cold blood, would'n't be going to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dubious about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy filled 'em full of your clothes: you may take him doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in welcome—but I, that come here to set you clear, advise you to stay; and if I don't find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day, it sha'n't be because I don't try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter, one of those warm pressures of the hand, which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him, by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighbouring horse-shed at the same moment made directly towards the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "the prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our friends, Judy and Buckhorn were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of the alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner, than the arrest of his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of idle and curious persons collect-

ed by this clamor around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a further attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lighted up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled by, and no trace could be discovered of the perpetrator. To add to the anguish of his situation he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined, by a wasting fever, to her bed; that his mother, though she still bore up, and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career, at length arrived, but brought no cheering promise with it, and the unhappy young man, therefore, humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there, which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted the greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean-looking cabin, called "Brown's Tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were sitting at a table, with a bottle of whiskey between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place on the morrow, when a third one entered, and calling for a dram, took a seat at some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock, and buckskin leggings; and held in his hand one of those mongrel weapons, which partaking of the characters both of rifle and musket, are called smooth-bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where those three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood-fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but was now resumed.

"For my part, as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, "I think the thing's been too hasty altogether."

"The doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made 'em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted 'em to go right out on his trail, and said they'd find he had kept straight on to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he wouldn't a-told 'em that, if it was 'nt so; and I'm half a-mind to b'lieve that he's not guilty, after all."

"That's damned unlikely," said the stranger, in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you set so in the dark. How have you been this long time. Let me see—why yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and me that was talking with poor old Silversight, the day he started from here with the money. I haven't seen you since. Why, an't you going to be over in Edgerton, to see the doctor hung to-morrow?"

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man. 'Sorry, the devil!—hang all the cursed Yankees, I say," responded the amiable deputy-sheriff.

"Come, that's too bad—though, I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, because ye was 'nt very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder-horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it as he said so.

"Stand off!" cried Rumley, "what do you s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn? It's not his—it never was his—he never seen it."

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in, during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a jerk of the horn in question, as the deputy-sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the other.

"It's a lie! I know it well—I've hunted with the old man often, and I know it as well as I do my own. Bill Brown, and you, John Gillingam," addressing himself to the one who first recognised the powder-horn, "I accuse Cale Rumley of old Silversight's murder—help me to secure him."

The deputy-sheriff stood motionless for a moment, and turned as pale as death, (from surprise, perhaps,) then, suddenly recovering his powers, he darted across the room, and seizing his gun, before any one was aware of the intention, levelled and fired at his accuser. The apartment became instantly filled with smoke, which, as it slowly rolled away, discovered to the astonished beholders, the stiff and bleeding form of Cale Rumley, stretched at full length upon the floor. As soon as he discharged his piece, the infuriated man had sprung towards the door, designing to make an immediate escape; but the motion was anticipated by our friend, Jimmy Buckhorn, (for it was he who charged his fallen antagonist with murder, and who luckily was not touched by the ball that was meant to destroy him,) and with one blow of his powerful arm, he felled the scoundrel to the earth. He now rapidly explained to the wondering trio, the nature of the proof he had obtained of Rumley's guilt; and succeeded in satisfying them that he ought to be made prisoner, and immediately conveyed to Edgerton.

The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, arose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of males and females came pouring into the little village, impelled by the mysterious principle of our natures, which incites us to look on that we nevertheless must shudder to behold. But no sounds of obsequious merriment, no untimely jokes, were uttered, as they passed along the road, to grate upon the ear of the unfortunate Charles, and break him off from his communion with heaven; on the contrary, many a tear was shed that morning, by the bright eyes of rustic maidens, who were 'all unused to the melting mood; and many a manly breast heaved a sigh of sympathy for the culprit, who was that day to make expiation to the offended laws. Indeed, since the sentence of the court was passed, a wonderful change had been wrought among the ever changing multitude, by various rumours that were whispered from one part of those wide prairies to another, and spread with almost incredible velocity. A thousand acts of unasked-for benevolence were now remembered, in favour of him who was so soon to suffer. Here was an aged and afflicted woman whom he had not only visited without hope of reward; but upon whom he had conferred pecuniary, as well as medicinal comforts. There was an industrious cripple who had received a receipt in full, from the young physician, when creditors to a less amount were levying upon his farm. And many similar acts of bounty were proclaimed abroad, by the grateful hearts on which they had been conferred, all helping to produce the change of sentiment which was manifestly wrought. Still the general impression seemed to be unshaken, (so strong had been the proofs,) that, in an evil hour, he had yielded to temptation, and enshrouded his hands in a fellow creature's blood.

The hour arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal place with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectators guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death—for his eye had a calm expression,